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[Translated from the German for this Journal]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

(Continued from page 187.)

The realm of tones snatched Beethoven in his last years almost entirely from the actual world, from which his nearly total loss of hearing separated him. He shrank back into solitude, declining almost every invitation, lest he should be, through his deafness, burdensome to others. With this tender sparing of others there was united in Beethoven a citizen of the world sense of freedom which would brook no restraint. Without regard to consequences, when he appeared in public places he expressed his opinion freely and plainly, not seldom very sarcastically, about the government, about the police, about the manners of the great, &c. Everybody understood this in Vienna, and indulged him, whether on the score of eccentricity or out of reverence for his genius. Hence Beethoven frequently maintained that: "Nowhere can one speak more freely than in Vienna." His ideal of a constitution was the English. By that he tried every political manifestation. But he knew very well how much he and his works were prized in England.

He had an unmistakable proof of that in 1817, when the Philharmonic Society in London invited him to come there and to compose some grand symphonies. Beethoven was compelled by his sickness and by other circumstances to give up this journey. But the lively interest he took in the idea for a long time appears in the correspondence which he had about it with his friend and pupil, Ries, who had for some years lived in London. From the fact, too, that it sheds some light upon Beethoven's otherwise not

very favorable situation, this correspondence is not without interest.

Beethoven wrote to Ries from Vienna on the 9th of July, 1817: "The commissions sent me in your last letter are very flattering. From this you will see how highly I esteem them. Were it not for my unlucky infirmity, which makes me require much more nursing and expense, especially upon a journey and in a foreign land, I should accept *unconditionally* the proposal of the Philharmonic Society. But place yourself in my position; consider how many more hindrances I have to contend with than any other artist, and then judge whether my requirements are unreasonable. Here they are, and I beg you to communicate them personally to the gentlemen directors of the Philharmonic Society: 1. I will be in London in the first half of the month of January, 1818, by the latest. 2. The two grand symphonies, entirely new, shall then be ready, and shall remain the property of the Society alone. 3. The Society gives me 300 guineas for them, and 100 guineas for travelling expenses, which, however, will come much higher in my case, since it will be indispensable that I take a companion with me. 4. Since I begin immediately to work upon the composition of these grand symphonies, the Society (on the receipt of my draft) will send me here the sum of 150 guineas, so that I may provide a carriage and other preparations for the journey without delay. 5. The conditions with regard to not appearing in any other orchestra, to not directing, and to giving the preference to the Society, other things being equal, are accepted by me, and would, by my love of honor, have been understood as a matter of course. I must hope for the countenance of the society in initiating and furthering one or more (according to circumstances) benefit concerts for me. The especial friendship of some of the directors of your estimable Réunion, as well as the kind interest of all artists in my works is to me a pledge of that, and spurs me on so much the more to realize their expectations. 7. Moreover, I wish to have the acceptance or ratification of the above drawn up in the English language, signed by three directors in the name of the Society." In a postscript to this letter he adds: "I have purposely used another's hand in this letter, in order that you may be better able to read it all and lay it before the Society. Of your friendly sentiment towards me I am convinced, and hope that the Philharmonic Society will accept my proposal. You may be assured that I will use all my power to execute the honorable commission of so select a Society in the most worthy manner." In the same postscript Beethoven inquired how strong the orchestra

would be? how many violins, &c.? with or one with two proportions of brass? Is the hall large or resonant? &c.

Beethoven unfortunately was obliged to postpone the intended journey. "In spite of my wishes," he wrote to Ries on the 5th of March, 1818, "it was not possible for me to come this year to London. I beg you to say to the Philharmonic Society, that my feeble health prevented me. I hope, however, to be this spring perhaps entirely cured, and then to avail myself early in the autumn of the commission from the Society, and fulfil all the conditions of the same."

The following passage in this letter affords a deep insight into Beethoven's situation, which, according to his own statements, must have been very oppressive. "I wish," he says to Ries, "that your fortunes may improve daily. Alas! I cannot say that of myself. I cannot see another starve; I must give. So you can imagine what and how I suffer. Write to me very soon, I beg you. If it is in any way possible, I will get away from here early, to escape my utter ruin, and so reach London at the latest in the winter. I know that you will stand by an unfortunate friend. Had I been in the possession of my strength, and had I not been here, as always, bound by circumstances, I surely should have done far more for you."

Over a year had passed, when Beethoven, in a letter to Ries (April 3, 1819) saw himself obliged once more to announce, that for the present he could not possibly come to London, since he was entangled in so many circumstances. "But God will certainly," he added, "aid me to come to London next winter, when I will bring with me the new symphonies. I expect very soon the text for a new Oratorio, which I write here for the Musical Society, and which perhaps will also serve us in London. Do what you can for me, for I need it. Orders from the Philharmonic Society would have been very welcome. The accounts which Neate has sent me from London about the almost total failure of the three overtures, distressed me. Here each of them in its way not only pleased, but those in E flat and C major made a really great impression. The fate of these compositions with the Philharmonic Society is incomprehensible to me. You will already have received the arranged Quintet and the Sonata. Have both these works, especially the Quintet, engraved at once. With the Sonata there is less need of haste; yet I should like to have it appear within at least two, or at the most, three months. Your earlier letter, of which you speak, I did not receive; hence I did not hesitate to sell these two works here also—that is to say, merely for Germany. Meanwhile it will take

three months before the Sonata appears here. But do make haste with the Quintet. As soon as you remit me the money here, I will send you, for the publisher, a certificate as proprietor of these works for England, Scotland, Ireland, France, &c."

About a fortnight later, on the 18th of April, 1819, Ries received from his old friend and teacher a very discontented letter: "It is incomprehensible to me," wrote Beethoven, "how so many errors could occur in the copy of the Sonata. The incorrect copying may have arisen from the fact that I no longer have a copyist of my own. Circumstances have brought all this about, and God must better it, until there comes a different state of things. This has lasted now a whole year. It is frightful how this thing has gone on, and what has become of my material; and yet no man can say what will come of it, until the promised year is passed. Should the Sonata not suit London, I could send another, or you could leave out the Largo, and begin at once with the Fugue in the last piece. I leave it to your discretion. The Sonata has been written in depressing circumstances; for it is hard to write almost for bread's sake. To this then have I come! To go to London were certainly the sole salvation for me, to free me from this wretched, irksome situation, in which I never can be well, and never do the work I could in better circumstances." In a later letter (25th May, 1819) Beethoven confessed: "I was confined by cares, as never before in my life, and that by excessive kindness towards other men."

Beethoven excused his long silence in a letter of the 6th of April, 1822, with the confession that he had been sick again for more than a whole year. "Still," he wrote, "I cherish the thought of coming yet to London, if only my health permit, perhaps next Spring. You would find in me, dear Ries, the true appreciator of my dear scholar, now great master; and who knows what new good thing for Art may yet spring up in union with you. I am, as always, given up entirely to my Muse, and find in that alone the happiness of my life."

In this same letter Beethoven mentioned a grand Mass, (*Missa solennis*) which he had not long before written. To his inquiry to Ries, whether something might not be made of it in London, he had received no answer. Accordingly he turned (in a letter of the 26th of July, 1822) to the music-dealer, Peters, in Leipzig, the head of the Bureau de Musique there. "I hereby inform you," he wrote, "that I will give you the Mass, together with the piano-forte arrangement, for the sum of 1000 florins in Convention coin. By the end of July you will receive this work well written off in score; perhaps a few days earlier or later, since I am always very busy and have been sick now for five months. But since one has to go through a work very attentively when it is going to a distance, it becomes a slow operation with me. The competition for my works is at present very strong, for which I thank the Almighty, for I have also lost much. Besides, I am foster-father to my brother's helpless child. As this boy of fifteen shows so much talent for the sciences, it not only costs a great deal for the instruction and support of my nephew, but his future must be thought of, since we are neither Indians nor Iroquois, who leave all to the dear God, and it is a

sad life, that of a *pauper*. In relation to one expression in your letter, I assure you on my honor that it has always been my principle never to offer myself to any publisher; not out of pride, but because I like to see how far the domain of my little talent reaches."

On the 3d of August, 1822, Beethoven wrote to Peters in Leipzig: "I have already told you of my not yet being wholly restored to health. I require baths, as also mineral water, and medicine besides. Hence things are somewhat deranged with me, the more so, that I must still write. Corrections, too, consume time. In regard to the songs and the other marches and little things, I am not yet decided on the selection; but all may be ready to send by the 15th of this month. I wait for your directions, and will make no use of your remittance. So soon as I know that the price for the Mass and for the other works is here, all can be delivered by the 15th of this month. But after the 15th I must go to a mineral bath which is in this neighborhood. Hence it is important for me to avoid all business for a while."

About his physical condition Beethoven wrote some three months later, on the 22d of November, 1822: "My health is not indeed fully restored by my baths; but on the whole I have gained. I had one special evil here, which was hard to overcome; another person had sought me out a dwelling-place which did not suit me; and this put back my business not a little, since one never can get on well so."

A letter of Beethoven to Peters in Leipzig (20th Dec., 1822) contains the confession: "It is impossible for me in all cases to make a percentage arrangement. I find it very hard to reckon in that way, oftener than is absolutely necessary. Besides, my situation is not so brilliant as you suppose. I am not in a condition to give an immediate hearing to all orders. There are too many of them; and there are many things which cannot be refused. Not always does the thing required accord with the author's wish. Were not my income wholly *without* income, I would write nothing but grand symphonies, church music, at the least quintets." With the expressions in this letter, another of the same date, to his friend Ries in London, harmonizes. "With satisfaction," he writes, "I accept the commission to write a new Symphony for the Philharmonic Society. If the compensation from the English cannot be compared with other nations, I would write even gratis for the first artists of Europe, if I were not always the poor Beethoven. If I were only in London, what great things would I not write for the Philharmonic Society! For Beethoven, thank God! can write nothing else in the world. If God only gives me back my health again, which has improved, to say the least, then I can execute orders from all parts of Europe, nay, even from North America, and I may yet come to a green branch."

In a letter of the 20th of March, 1823, Beethoven pleaded his situation in excuse for his delay in sending some military marches to Peters, the *chef* of the Bureau de Musique in Leipzig. "You would not think it strange," he wrote, "that you receive the three marches only to-day, if you were here and knew my situation. A description of it would be too prolix both for you and me. But I find here something to remark on what I have sent. In the grand march there

might be several regimental bands united, in order to man all the parts; and where a regimental band is not strong enough, a band master can easily manage it by leaving out some parts. In Leipzig even, you may find some one who can show you how this march may be set with fewer parts; although it will pain me if it should not appear in print entirely as it is. You must pardon the many corrections in the copy. My old copyist's sight is failing, and the younger one must first be broken in. But all is at least free from errors. It is impossible for me to serve you at once with a violin and a piano quartet. In case you write me betimes, however, whether you wish both works, I will do all I can. Only I must add, that I cannot take for a violin quartet less than 50 ducats, and for a piano quartet 70 ducats, as otherwise I should suffer loss. Indeed, 50 ducats have been offered me more than once for violin quartets. But I do not like to be exorbitant, and hence with you I adhere to these 50 ducats, which is actually now the common price. You know how quartets have risen now to the highest point, so that one is even shamed with a great work. Meanwhile my situation demands that I should have every advantage more or less for an inducement. It is quite another matter with the work itself. There I never think, thank God! of the advantage, but only *how* I write."

Beethoven often complained that he was obliged, for the sake of gain, to have recourse to giving lessons. On the 25th of April, 1823, he wrote to Ries in London: "The visit of the Archduke Rudolph here in Vienna lasted nearly four weeks. Then I had every day to give two and a half or three hours lessons, and lost much time by it. After such lessons, on the next day one is hardly in a state to think, much less to write. But my continually sad condition requires that I shall write for the moment that which brings me so much money, which is needed for the moment. What a gloomy revelation you have here! Even now I am not well of many troubles I have suffered; indeed I have bad eyes. But do not be concerned; you shall have the symphonies very soon. Nothing but this miserable condition causes the delay."

Beethoven had dedicated some piano-forte variations to the wife of his friend Ries, and had sent them to London. "They have perhaps already arrived," he wrote on the 16th of July 1823. "The dedication to your wife I could not make myself, since I did not know her name. Do you then make it in the name of your own and your wife's friend. Surprise her with it. The fair sex loves that. Between ourselves, what is surprising as well as beautiful is the best. As to the *Allegri di bravura*, I must first see yours. Candidly, I am no friend of such things, since they demand too much mechanism, at least those which I know. I will send you some choruses if I succeed in composing any new ones. It is just my darling passion. Whatever you can get for the Variations, take. I am content in any case; only I must stipulate, that for the dedication to your wife there shall be absolutely no other pay taken but a kiss, which I have to receive in London. You frequently write *guineas*, and I receive only *sterling*; but I hear there is a distinction. Be not angry about it with a *pauvre musicien Autrichien*; really my condition is still oppressive. I am writing now a new violin quar-

tet. Might one perhaps offer this to the London musical or unmusical Jews—*en vrai Juif?*"

Beethoven's melancholy condition troubled him the more, since it everywhere set limits to the disinterestedness and liberality, which were fundamental traits in his character. In a letter to Ries, Sept. 5, 1823, he confessed: "Were I not so poor that I have to live by my pen, I would take nothing from the Philharmonic Society. I must really wait until the price for the symphony has been remitted. But to give a proof of my love and confidence for this Society, I have already sent them off a new overture. I leave it to the Society to do as it pleases with the overture. My brother Johann, who supports an equipage, has also wished to draw from me, and so, without asking me, he has offered the said overture to a publisher, Boosey, in London. Just say that my brother was mistaken about the overture. He bought it of me to speculate upon, as I perceive. *O frater!* Of your Symphony, dedicated to me, I have received nothing. If I did not consider the dedication as a sort of challenge, upon which I should have had to give you satisfaction, I should already have dedicated some work to you. But I thought all the time that I must first see your work, and how gladly I would testify my thanks to you by something of the sort. I am deeply your debtor for so much devotion and obligingness which you have shown to me. If my health should be improved by the mineral bath, then I will kiss your wife in 1824 in London."

The portrait which is sketched of Beethoven by an Englishman, who visited him about this time, is interesting in many ways. "The 28th of September, 1823," wrote that traveller, "will always be remembered by me as a *Dies fastus*. In fact I do not know that I ever lived a happier day. Early in the morning we went to Baden, a village near Vienna, where Beethoven was residing. As Herr H., one of his most intimate friends, accompanied me, I could not feel embarrassed at appearing before Beethoven. At first he looked steadily at me, and then he shook my hand as heartily as if I were an old acquaintance; for he remembered clearly my first visit in the year 1816, although that had been a very brief one—a proof of his excellent memory. I found to my deep regret a great change in his exterior, and it occurred to me at the moment that he seemed to be very unhappy. His complaints to H. afterwards confirmed my apprehension. I feared that he would not understand a word of what I said. But I was mistaken, for he comprehended all that I said to him aloud and slowly. From his answers it appeared that nothing of what H. said was lost, although neither he nor I used the hearing trumpet. Yet I must mention that when he played the piano, he as a general rule began so that twenty or thirty strings had to pay the penalty. Nothing can be more full of life and genius, and, to use an expression which characterizes his symphonies so well, more energetic, than his conversation, when one has once put him in a good humor. But an untimely question, a bad piece of advice, for instance, in relation to the cure of his deafness, is enough to alienate him forever. He wished, for a composition upon which he was just then engaged, to know the utmost possible compass of the trombone, and asked Herr H. about it, whose reply, however, did not satisfy him. Thereupon he told me that he had made it a rule to inform himself through the

different artists themselves about the construction, character and compass of the leading instruments. He presented to me his nephew, a handsome young man of about eighteen years, the only relative with whom he lived upon a friendly footing. He added: 'You can, if you will, give him a puzzle in Greek,' by which he meant to inform me of the young man's intimate acquaintance with that language. The history of this relation places Beethoven's goodness of heart in the clearest light. The most affectionate father could not have made greater sacrifices for him than he did.

After we had been more than an hour with him, we took our leave, to meet again at one o'clock at table in the romantic Helenenthal. We visited the baths and other notabilities, went about noon again to Beethoven's house, where he was already awaiting us, and then set out on our way to the valley. Beethoven is a good walker, and takes delight in walks of several miles, especially through a wild and romantic country; indeed they told me that he passed whole nights on such excursions, and often staid away from home for several days. On our way to the valley he frequently stopped suddenly and showed me the beautiful points, or remarked the want of new buildings. Another time he seemed entirely buried in himself, and merely hummed to himself in an intelligible manner. I heard, however, that this was his way of composing, and that he never wrote down a note until he had made himself a definite plan of the whole piece. As the day was singularly beautiful, we ate in the open air, and what seemed particularly to please Beethoven was, that we were the only guests in the hotel and had the whole day alone to ourselves. The meal prepared for us was so luxurious that Beethoven could not help making remarks about it. 'Wherefore so many different dishes?' he exclaimed. 'Man stands but little above other animals if his chief enjoyments are limited to the table.' Such reflections he made several times more during the repast. Of meats he is only fond of fishes, and among them the trout is his favorite. He hates all constraint, and I do not believe there is a person in Vienna who speaks of everything, even of political subjects, with so little reserve as Beethoven. He hears poorly, but he speaks extraordinarily well, and his remarks are as characteristic and original as his compositions. During the whole course of our table talk nothing was more interesting than what he said of Handel. I sat next to him, and I heard him most distinctly say in German: 'Handel is the greatest composer who has ever lived.' I cannot describe with what expression, I might say, with what inspiration he spoke of the 'Messiah' of that immortal genius. Every one of us felt deeply moved when he said: 'I would uncover my head and kneel upon his grave.' Repeatedly I sought to turn the conversation upon Mozart, but in vain. I only heard him say: 'In a monarchy we know who is first,' which might or might not refer to this subject. I heard afterwards that Beethoven is sometimes inexhaustible in his praise of Mozart. It is remarkable that he cannot hear his own earlier works praised, and I learned that it was the surest way to vex him, if one complimented him upon his Septuor and the Trios. He is most fond of his last creations, among the rest his second Mass, which he considers his best work. He is now engaged in writing a new opera, called 'Melusina,' of which the text is by

the poet Grillparzer. Beethoven is a great admirer of the ancients. Homer, especially the Odyssey, and Plutarch, he prefers to all others. Of his own country's poets he has studied particularly Schiller and Goethe. He has the most favorable opinion of the British nation. 'I like,' said he, 'the noble simplicity of the English manners,' and added other praise besides. It seemed to me as if he still cherished a hope of visiting England with his nephew. I must not forget, that I have heard a Trio by him, for piano-forte, violin and violoncello, while it was still in manuscript. It impressed me as very beautiful, and I hear it will soon appear in London. I could tell much more of this extraordinary man, who, after what I have seen and experienced, has filled me with the deepest reverence. The friendly way in which he treated me and bade me farewell has made an impression on me, which will last for life."

[Conclusion next week.]

Meyerbeer.

(From the Paris Correspondence of the N. O. Picayune.)

Meyer Liebmann Beer was born rich. His father was a wealthy Jewish banker of Berlin, and by the death of his brothers, our hero is now the master of some eight or ten millions of dollars. This fortune has never been used except to advance his knowledge of Art—and for this he is always ready to sacrifice not only money but time, ease and pleasure. He paid the author of the "book" of "Romilda," bought all the costumes necessary, paid the performers' salaries, and gave the score as a present to the manager of the Italian theatre, where it was first brought out.

Meyer Liebmann Beer was born at Berlin, the 5th September, 1794, and he is consequently in his sixty-third year. It was at an early period of his life that he refined the harshness of his paternal name into the more pleasing appellation which he has since made famous. It appears he was induced to make this change by reflecting that as his name was about to become public property, and the prey of enemies who would be sure to lose no means of irritating him, it would be wise not to leave in their hands a topic for so much sport as the name Liebmann Beer, which means "bear philanthropist" when translated into English, would be certain to afford wittings. He dropped Liebmann, united Meyer and Beer together, and after translating his father's Christian name into Italian, he signed himself Giacomo (James) Meyerbeer.

Like most eminent geniuses, his "turn" early exhibited itself. Although he had not then attained his fourth year, he never heard a hand-organ grind in the street that he did not hasten to the piano and repeat in an accompaniment, which overflowed with grace and delicacy, the popular air roughly interpreted by the ambulating musician. His father judiciously fostered these talents with all the appliances wealth so easily commands, and as he encouraged his eldest son William in the study of mathematics until he became an eminent astronomer, and Michael in the cultivation of the belles-lettres until he achieved reputation as a poet, (he is the author of two tragedies of merit: "The Pariah" and "Struensee,") so Giacomo was incited in the study of music. A celebrated player, named Lauska, directed his first musical studies; in his seventh year he was master of all the secrets of the piano key-board, and was eminent in all the private concerts of Berlin. When he was nine years old the Abbé Vogler, then the master of a highly esteemed musical school at Darmstadt, met him in Berlin, and after hearing him play said: "Courage! my lad, courage! If you persevere you will become the most famous piano player in Europe." He engaged him to choose for his master of musical composition one Bernard Anselme Weber, one of his old pupils, and then leader of the orchestra of the first theatre of Berlin.

This master appears to have been deeply acquainted with the science of instrumentation and dramatic style, but ignorant of the rules of harmony. One day Giacomo wrote a fugue, which he showed to his master, who proclaimed it admirable, and forthwith he would send it by a special messenger to the Abbé Vogler at Darmstadt. The special messenger returned, but he brought with him no reply; a month, two months, three months passed away, but not a line came from Darmstadt, and Weber began to boast that Vogler was silent from mere spite to see his whole school outdone. The boast was premature. Early in the fourth month a huge package came from Darmstadt; it contained a complete treatise on fugue in MSS., written entirely by Vogler, a critical analysis of Giacomo's fugue, wherein all its details were examined and proved wrong, and a fugue written by Vogler on the same *thema* and explained note by note, measure by measure, with the most exact logic. Weber went to bed sick. Giacomo studied the treatise by day and night, and in six months afterwards sent a fugue in eight parts to the Abbé Vogler. "Come," replied the Abbé, "come to my house; I will treat you as my own son, and together, we will delve in deepest mines of science."

Although the Abbé Vogler was the organist of the Darmstadt church, and he made his pupils study sacred music especially, Giacomo's family nevertheless sent him to the Abbé's house. Here Giacomo found Charles Marie von Weber (the composer of "Der Freyschütz," and who was Meyerbeer's fast friend until his untimely death,) Godfrey von Weber, and Gambascher (since chapel master at Vienna.) Their day commenced with a mass celebrated by the Abbé Vogler, Charles von Weber being at the organ—mass ended, they set to work, the master giving to each pupil the *thema* he was to study, and which was generally a piece of religious music, a "Kyrie Sancte," or "Gloria in Excelsis," Vogler himself working as hard as any of them. Sundays the whole school would go to the cathedral, where Vogler would take one organ and his pupils the other, and reply to him either by repeating his own strains, or by throwing the reins over the neck of their winged steed and plunging into the highest of the ideal.

Before he was seventeen M. Meyerbeer had written some scores of religious music, which are said to be very remarkable; but he has never allowed any of them to be published; because, so it is said, he knows very well they exhibit too frequent use of the scholastic formulas and contain too little harmony. Be this as it may, one of these pieces, "God and Nature," commanded the unanimous applause of the Court of Hesse Darmstadt, and the Grand Duke appointed him his composer in ordinary. In 1811, Vogler closed his school and made with his pupils a tour in the German towns. Meyerbeer had then in his pocket his first opera, "Jephtha's Vow," which his master and companions thought an admirable production: it was performed during his tour at Munich, but fell, with the silence of this lukewarm age, *un succès d'estime*. M. Meyerbeer is of too sensitive a nature to bear a check; and he hastened to Vienna to console himself by the triumphs of the piano-players for the defeat of the composer.

At that period of time Hummel and Clementi were the great piano-players of Europe. The latter had given Meyerbeer lessons at Berlin, but he had never heard the former. He made no appearance in public after Hummel's arrival at Vienna; for he felt instantly that though he possessed the fire and brilliancy of Clementi's school, he lacked the grace, charm and purity which distinguished Hummel's playing. M. Meyerbeer acted in a very characteristic manner. He shut himself up for six months, worked for eighteen hours a day, and then made his appearance in the Vienna concert rooms. Hummel acknowledged him his superior! Isn't genius the child of patience? M. Meyerbeer has constantly refused to publish his compositions for the piano.

But M. Meyerbeer's secret aspirations were not for the fame of Hummel's, Listz's, and Thalberg's. His defeat at Munich fired, rather than extinguished his ambition, and he wrote "Abimelech,

or the Two Caliphs." It was "brought out" at the Imperial theatre of Vienna; Vogler and Charles von Weber vowed it a masterpiece, but it fell stillborn. A few days afterwards Salieri, the imperial chapel-master, the author of an opera called "Les Danaïdes," and the composer for whom Beaumarchais wrote "Tartar," called upon him, and after telling him that he was not sufficiently master of his art, engaged him to go to Italy. M. Meyerbeer went to Venice, where for eight months he heard Rossini's music, and, as it is said, "Tancredi" wrought a wonderful change in him. Three years afterwards (1818) he gave his first Italian opera "Ronilde e Constanza," Mme. Pisaroni singing the principal part. In 1819 he wrote at Turin, for Mme. Caroline Bassai, the part of "Semiramide Riconosciuta," and early the following year the San Benedetto theatre of Venice played "Emma di Risburgo," which had a great deal of success.

M. Meyerbeer returned to Germany, preceded by the fame of his Italian successes. They prejudicated, rather than advanced him. The most violent attacks against him rang through every newspaper in Germany; he was called a renegade, a traitor, an unfilial child, because he deserted, so they said, the German for the Italian school. He wrote a score, "Brandenburg Gate," for a Berlin festival, but the theatre refused to allow it to be played. Dresden, however, was more generous, and "Emma di Risburgo" was warmly applauded by the court and the people. This cold reception was, perhaps, of use to M. Meyerbeer, since they attracted him again to the German school—to that style in which his most lasting works are written. Milan invited M. Meyerbeer to La Scala, where "Margherita d'Angiù" and "Usule di Granata" were given. He wrote next an opera in two acts, "Almanzor," for Rome, but the illness of Mme. Caroline Bassai prevented the opera from being performed. It is said that M. Meyerbeer has introduced into his French operas the best music of "Brandenburg Gate" and "Almanzor." "Il Crociato" was next composed, and it was first played at Venice in 1824.

M. Meyerbeer heard, while he was at Milan, that the Italian Opera at Paris was about to produce "Il Crociato," with Mlle. Schiasetti (a contralto of the second rank) as the principal personage; Mme. Pasta as the "high" soprano, (so that she would have been obliged to transpose her part from one end to the other,) and the tenor's part by M. Curioni, (a worn-out barytone.) M. Meyerbeer flew to Paris, in a state of mind which has been described as bordering on distraction. He insisted that Mme. Pasta should take Mlle. Schiasetti's part; Mme. Mombelli, Mme. Pasta's; and Donzelli, Curioni's part. For eleven months poor M. Meyerbeer was annoyed by rehearsals which were constantly interrupted, then pressed forward rapidly: at last "Il Crociato" was played, but it met with no sort of success for this reason. See on what a slender thread success sometimes hangs!

In the admirable *quartetto* of the second act, a child is made to appear, a "walking" character, who is supposed to be the son of *Palmyre*, and is presented to the Sultan to bring him to more merciful ideas. The child appears late in the course of the evening. It no sooner appeared on the stage than it began to gape; the public smiled; *Palmyre* sang with inexpressible tenderness: "*Frena le lagrime*, (gape the second,) *consolate*, (gape,) *saprai*, (gape,) *il ciel*, (gape.) The audience could withstand it no longer, and laughed in those immoderate peals which ruin a serious work. But three years afterwards "Il Crociato" was played here with some success.

M. Meyerbeer married in 1827 and for a long time remained silent, and his silence was prolonged by the loss of two children, the first and second issue of his marriage. For two years he composed nothing but religious music; among these compositions are the twelve Psalms with a double choir, the "Stabat," "Misericordia," "Te Deum," Klopstock's eight canticles for four voices without accompaniment, which are now in every lady's hands.

He returned to Paris early in 1830. Before

his marriage Pixérécourt, then manager of the Opera Comique, was anxious for him to write an opera for the Opera Comique, and proposed Alex. Duval and Dupaty as the best "book" writers he could find; but M. Meyerbeer declined them both, although Alex. Duval actually wrote a "book" for him. His brother, Michael Beer was on intimate terms with Casimir and Germain Delavigne, and Michael engaged the latter to promise that he would with M. Scribe write a "book" for an opera comique for Giacomo Meyerbeer. The book was written; it was a three act opera comique—its name was "Robert le Diable." M. Meyerbeer took the "book" with him to Berlin, but he became discouraged after the death of his children and threw up the "book." M. de La Rochefoucauld was then General Director of the Fine Arts, and he engaged M. Meyerbeer to write an opera for the Grand Opera; the latter asked two things—first, to read M. de La Rochefoucauld a *scenario* he had composed, secondly to procure M. Scribe to translate it into French. M. Meyerbeer read his *scenario* to M. de La Rochefoucauld, who was then anxious to find a ballet for Mlle. Taglioni, and who found it in the *scenario*, which M. Meyerbeer thereupon abandoned to him, and the latter agreed to decide MM. Scribe and Delavigne to change their opera comique into a grand opera; they, however, long refused to do any such thing. "Robert le Diable" was not performed until the 22d November, 1832, I need not say with an unparalleled success. The first fifty performances were of \$2,000 each, and even now it never fails to bring in \$1,600. The first performance came near causing the death of Mlle. Taglioni and of Nourrit. Strange to say, before the first performance and at the general rehearsal, M. Meyerbeer was annoyed by the beauty of the famous scene of the nuns leaving their tombs: "That's all very fine, but you have evidently no confidence in the success of my music, you are anxious to obtain a success of scenery."

This splendid success irritated Rossini to the last degree, and by that infirmity which so frequently attends genius, M. Meyerbeer detests Rossini even more than the latter hates him. Dr. Veron (who was then the manager of the Grand Opera) seeing Rossini's ill humor, sought to engage him to write an opera on M. Scribe's "Gustave," which he represented as containing all the great human passions. "Depend upon it, my dear Rossini, action, contrasts, splendid costumes and scenery aid a musical work immensely." "You forget, my good Veron," replied Rossini, while a sardonic smile flitted across the face, "to add to those attractions, eighty additional musicians in the orchestra." "True, true," said Veron, caught in the snare Rossini laid for him; "and they give force and volume to the music; the orchestra of the Italian Opera is too small." "Your principles are excellent," my dear Veron, "carry them into practice with your new work, 'La Juive': M. Halévy is also a Jew; some wit has said 'he is Meyerbeer's crime and punishment'; [you know M. Halévy is an imitator of M. Meyerbeer.] You will obtain as much success with it as with 'Robert le Diable.' I cannot write you 'Gustave,' for I am going to Italy. I'll return when your Jews have ended their Sabbath."

M. Meyerbeer does not express his aversion for Rossini so frankly, but he is accused by the malevolent of engaging his friends to go to sleep in conspicuous places when Rossini's music is executed. Last October, at the second performance of "Semiramide," M. Meyerbeer took a stage-box at the Italian Opera here. When Mme. Bosio sang her great air, he turned around to the stage and listened in such a way that it was evident to every body that he was paying a compliment to the prima donna rather than the opera. At the *finale* of the first act, he leaned back in his chair, and went, or seemed to go, fast asleep!

One curious remark about M. Meyerbeer's operas in France has been made: the cholera has visited Paris with each of them; when "Robert le Diable" was first played, 1832, this city was decimated by that hideous scourge, and when "Le Prophète" was produced in 1849, and when "Le Etoile du Nord" appeared in 1854! Somebody has said, "Oh! this is not at all astonishing,

When Meyerbeer's music is heard, plagues and pestilences must be near at hand; for he is not a musician, he is the Devil!"

Let me tell you a very good story of how M. Meyerbeer silenced some critics without opening his purse. He is morbidly sensitive to the least harsh criticism, and when he is attacked he exerts every means in his power to prevent the attack from being renewed. On the eve of every important performance of his works, he invites the leading *feuilletonistes* to a splendid dinner at the Hotel des Princes or Trois Frères Provençaux, to appropriate their critical acumen. He calls this *chauffer la reclame*. But to my story.

One day a gentleman entered M. Mires's office (he too is a Jew, and the proprietor of the *Constitutionnel* and *Pays*.) and after discussing railways and the funds, he carelessly asked, "Do you know the author of 'Les Huguenots'?" "No, I have never seen him." "That's odd. It was only yesterday he was praising you up to the skies. If I were in your place I would go to see him." "Really? Then I'll go to-day." In due time M. Mires called at the Hotel du Danube, Rue Richemont, where M. Meyerbeer usually stays when in Paris. I need scarcely say M. Meyerbeer expected the visit of the opulent banker; and received him with the greatest cordiality. After they had been talking an hour, M. Meyerbeer said very calmly: "Do you know I am constantly attacked in *Le Pays*?" "No! What, attacked in *Le Pays*, in my newspaper?" "I was sure you knew nothing about it." "Not a word, I pledge you my honor. And now I know it, rest assured you shan't be attacked again." That very evening the musical critic was summoned: "You must not attack my friend Meyerbeer." *Mais—* "There are no *mais* about it. You must exalt his wonderful genius." "Really...." "Well, if you do not choose to do so, resign your place, and I'll appoint another." "No; in *Le Pays* we will do as you please. But in *La France Musicale* we will express our own opinions." "Not at all! Unless you praise Meyerbeer, my friend, you shall not write in *Le Pays*." From that day to this, Meyerbeer is the Jupiter Tonans of *Le Pays* and *La France Musicale*!

The extreme care M. Meyerbeer takes with all his compositions has given rise to the accredited opinion that all his operas are the children of labor, and science, and skill, but not of inspiration. "Tu l'as dit, oui, tu m'aimes," (the famous duet which ends the fourth act of "Les Huguenots") may be instanced to disprove this belief. The whole of the duet was written the 20th November, 1835, between 11 o'clock at night and 2 o'clock in the morning. After the first general rehearsal, M. Meyerbeer ran home—he was then staying with his friend M. Gouin, his great Paris *factotum*—and fell into a chair. All's lost, Gouin! said he, "all goes to ruin. Nourrit swears he can never sing the last piece in the fourth act, and everybody sides with him." "Bah! why not write something else?" "Impossible. Scrithe vows he will not touch the 'book' again." "The deuce! Do you want many words?" "Mon Dieu! no; all I want is something for an *andante*." "I'll get Emile Deschamps; he'll do what we want. Off M. Gouin ran to the Divan Lepelletier, the favorite haunt of Deschamps, and brought him to M. Meyerbeer. The words were soon written, the *maestro* sat down to the piano, and in three hours the famous duet you applaud every winter was turned to shape, and the airy nothing had a local habitation and a name.

M. Meyerbeer scarcely slept that night. At day break he went to see Nourrit, duet in hand. Nourrit took the score, hummed the air, gave an enthusiastic huzzza, and fell into the composer's arms. The second day afterwards it was written for the orchestra; it was rehearsed; the orchestra laid down their instruments and cheered; Habeneck climbed over the foot-lights, followed by all his musicians, and M. Meyerbeer was carried around the stage in triumph, amid the cheers of the company; Raol applauded and Valentine wept.

At the rehearsal of his operas, M. Meyerbeer is the most timid of men. He consults everybody:

machinist, prompter, fireman, chorister, supernumerary, and especially the leader of the *claque*. He sits by the latter's side during rehearsal and listens to him as to an oracle. "There's a dangerous piece," the leader of the *claque* has but to say; "if you have many friends in the house who will undertake it, we will continue it, but I can't guarantee it." "But," replies M. Meyerbeer, "you know more about it than I do." But when once the opera has been played, and is successful, he consults nobody, and every body must yield to him. When his operas are at stake, M. Meyerbeer is as insensible as Sir Giles Overreach. Last spring a year, "L'Etoile du Nord" was in all its glory. Mlle. Decroix, who sang the duet of the Vivandières with Mlle. Lemercier, lost her mother very suddenly. The manager gave her a leave of absence, and supplied her place by Mlle. Belia, who knew the part. Meyerbeer heard of the change, and asked what it meant. He was told, "You were right to give Mlle. Decroix a leave of absence, but I cannot accept Mlle. Belia. Our contract interdicts you from doubling before the fiftieth performance." "Very true, but...." "Suspend the piece until Mlle. Decroix returns." "That I can't do; I can't afford to lose the money." "Then make Mlle. Decroix sing," was the heartless reply of the celebrated composer; and the poor, weeping girl was forced to give the public that gay song, the evening her mother was buried! He detests cats, and faints if he is thrown with a man who has a nervous twitch of the eyes, or other feature. He is very absent minded.

GAMMA.

TO A BOUQUET.

Tints the fairest,
Scents the rarest,
Make of these a prize!
Let me place thee
Where I'll face thee
When I raise my eyes.
On the table—
'Tis no fable—
Thou mak'st radiant all;
Shedding sweetness
And completeness
O'er my room so small.
When thou'lt perish
Shall I cherish
Sadd'ning thoughts of thee?
Mew'ry painting—
No hue fainting—
Thus thou'lt live with me.

STELLA.

Worcester Palladium.

Music Abroad.

Germany.

HALLE.—This city was the birth-place of HANDEL. It is by no means one of the most genial homes of German Art at present, although it is the residence of one of Germany's truest artists, ROBERT FRANZ. It is proposed there to celebrate the centenary of Handel's death, and a committee has put forth the following announcement:

On the 13th April, 1759, George Frederick Handel, one of the greatest men of the German nation, and one of the most eminent men of his art, departed this life. The approaching centenary of his death calls upon all Germans to discharge the debt of gratitude yet due to their countryman. To our great satisfaction we learn that preparations have been made to honor the memory of Handel by a complete edition of his works. At the same time it is desirable that this mark of respect should be followed by another. Halle, the city where Handel was born, and received the first all-important impressions of youth, desires that a monument to him should be raised within her walls; and to carry out this object a committee has been formed. The original design is to found here an institution especially devoted to the cultivation of Handel's music. We are forced, however, to concede that a plan of this sort would favor local interests to the detriment of the main object, and hence propose that the memory of Handel should be honored by the erection of his statue in the place of his birth. This project will, doubtless, receive the support of all who are indebted to Handel for intellectual excitement and elevation—that is, of the majority of cultivated persons in every

nation. With musicians, the accomplishment of the plan will be a point of honor. If our success is proportionate to the greatness of the master, we shall, perhaps, be enabled to carry out the original notion as well as the present one; but the proximity of the Centenary Festival compels us to request that all friends to our musical project may use all possible speed in enabling us to carry it out, by public performances, subscriptions, and other suitable means. We shall not fail to report publicly on the progress of the work, and the expenditure of the money contributed (to be addressed to Herr Geheimderath Wucherer, Halle). We request that this announcement may be circulated as widely as possible, and trust that the editors of the German papers will support us by inserting the same, and also by receiving subscriptions.

Halle, June, 1856.

SALZBURG, the place of MOZART's birth, has prepared a great festival in his honor this month. The *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* furnishes the following programme of it, (as translated in the *London Musical World*):

Saturday, 6th Sept.—When the visitors, passing through the gates, which will be adorned with appropriate inscriptions, garlands, &c., enter the venerable Juvavia, (the ancient name of Salzburg), so renowned in the history of the world and of Art, the city will show them its joyous countenance by a torchlight procession, which directing its movements towards the statue of Mozart, will terminate with a cantata composed by Lachner, to words by Professor Beck, and a magical illumination of the mountains.

Sunday, 7th.—About 9 o'clock, A. M., Mozart's grand mass in C, in which distinguished "stars" will assist. In the evening the first festival-concert in the hall (decorated for the occasion,) of the *Studiengilde*. The music will be exclusively that of Mozart, and will comprise the symphony (Jupiter) in C major; an aria from *Tito*, with bassoon obligato; quartet from *Idomeneo* (two sopranos, alto and tenor); piano-concerto in D minor; concerto for violin and tenor; the Count's aria from *Figaro*; trio from *Lo Sposo*; scene from *Idomeneo*; overture to *Zauberflöte*.

Monday, 8th.—In the Cathedral, Mozart's grand mass in F major, as on the preceding day. At 3 o'clock, P. M., the great festival procession, consisting of all the *Liedertafeln*, with their banners and emblems, will march to the decorated tribune on the Mönchsberg, where the "Abendlied," "Bundesslied," Mozart's "O Isis," Lachner's "Kriegers Gebet," Storch's "Grün," the chorus from Mendelssohn's "Oedipus," the "Frau Musica" of Rochlitz, the hunting chorus from Robert Schumann's "Pilgerfahrt," and amid the firing of salutes, "Prince Eugene" will be sung by the various societies in union, besides sundry intervening pieces by the different societies separately.

Tuesday, 9th, the second festival concert will take place, when the music will comprise: Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, an aria from Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, Spohr's "Concerto in forma di scena cantante," march from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*, Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy-Blas*, the second act from Glück's *Orfeo*, aria (tenor) from Weber's *Euryanthe*, "Wunderbare Harmonie"—a vocal quartet by Haydn, duet from Spontini's *Festil* (?), Handel's "Hallelujah." The festival concerts will be under the direction of Herr Lachner, the performance of the "Liedertafeln" under Herr Storch, and the masses in the church under Herr Taux. The assistant artists for solos will comprise—Frau Behrend-Brand, Frau Mangstl-Stretzenegger, Frau Dietz, Herr Grill (?), Herr Härtinger, Herr Young, and Herr Kindermann. Several professors from Munich, and artists from far and near will also take part in the orchestra. Among the first violins will be many violinists and orchestra directors of repute, including men from the northern German states—even Schleswig-Holstein. During the festival, the relics of Mozart—the harpsichord, spinet, letters, portraits, etc., now in the possession of the "Mozarteum" will be exhibited in the room where the great composer was born.

DARMSTADT.—On the 31st August and 1st September, the Middle Rhine Musical Festival will take place at Darmstadt. The cities that join in the celebration are Darmstadt, Mayence, Wiesbaden, Mannheim, Giessen, &c. The orchestra will comprise the Grand Ducal band of Darmstadt, the band of the Court theatre at Mannheim, and several distinguished talents from Mayence, Wiesbaden, Karlsruhe, and Frankfurt. The programme is as follows: First day, Handel's "Messiah." Second day—Overture to *Zauberflöte*; Finale to Mendelssohn's *Loreley*; Concerto on the violin with harp obligato by Viouxtemps; "Bachus-Chor," from the *Hermannschlacht* of Mangold; Chorus from Haydn's "Creation"; Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*.

PARIS.—A new *bouffonnerie musicale* in one act, called *Deux Vieille Gardes*, words by MM. de Ville-neuve and Lemonnier, music by M. Delibes, has been produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens. The piece is bad, but the music is pretty. M. Delibes is a pupil of the late Adolph Adam, and his present composition augurs well for his future.

At the Grand Opéra, the revival of *Guillaume Tell*,

with all the music, was announced. The *Prophète*, with Mme. Borghi-Mamo as Fides, will follow soon after; and later in the season it is expected that Mme. Medori will appear in *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 20, 1856.

The Franklin Day—Inauguration of the Statue.

The 17th of September, already memorable in the annals of our country, has acquired a fresh significance in Boston. The festival of that day was in many respects the most successful of all the public celebrations which we can remember. It was in admirable contrast with our noisy, rowdy, senseless, semi-savage way of celebrating the Fourth of July. No firing of guns and crackers; none of that insane joy which seems to know not why it is rejoicing. Then we act like prisoners or slaves set free, with no thought of the ends of freedom and a great destiny to be fulfilled. But the rejoicings of this day were significant, pervaded by a true, a high American idea; the keynote given by the memory of a great man, "the great Bostonian," perhaps the first mind in our Revolution. We all went forth, amid the splendors of a perfect autumn day, to set up his statue, which should be a perpetual reminder to us of the true meaning of our freedom, the true mission of our country. A nobler type of the true American could not be erected. Here were the scenes of his early life. Here in poverty and honest labor had he laid the foundations of that character, that did so much to shape the destinies of a great people. Incidents from his life, maxims of practical wisdom and stirring words of true, of moral independence, taken from his pen and lips, illustrations in his person of the dignity of labor, of the union of the highest with the homeliest; lessons of true, free American manhood, borrowed from his whole life; these gave the hint for all the decorations of the streets, for the richest features of the immense procession, and inspired a sort of artistic unity in all the multifarious doings of the day.

From morning till night, with all that immense crowd poured out, there was no rude disorder, no intoxication, vulgarity, or stupid wandering about (as is the wont of American multitudes on feast days,) in solemn, unsuccessful search of pleasure; no sign of anything but joy and genuine entertainment, with renewed consciousness that after all we have a glorious mission in our hands, to work out the sublime moral of the struggle which has left us free. There was *community* of feeling on that day, and hence its pomp and pageantry became artistic.

The newspapers record the order of the great procession, the seeing or forming part of which was the chief occupation of the greatest number. The turn-out of the mechanic trades, with their implements and banners, was more imposing than any of the kind before. There were some small displays of Yankee peddling vanity and self-advertising, to be sure, mixed up with the rest. But by far the most of the representations were of those solid, noble arts of life, which make them elemental types of the true dignity of labor, and carry poetry and meaning with them. The workers in iron and in brass, those

stalwart bands of men, with the products of their hands, uniting strength and beauty, for their emblems; the makers of bread; the printers (with Franklin's own press, and printing office in full operation; the miniature school-rooms, with beautiful and happy children at their desks—best fruits of the tree which Franklin with wise forethought planted; the innumerable wagons of the expressmen, loaded with bales and boxes lettered for all corners of the continent, showing at a glance the vast spread of our business relations;—all was full of deep suggestion. The Fine Arts too were there. Noble bodies of laborers bore their insignia. The 200 workmen from the Chicopee foundry, who cast the statue, and who bore above their heads small models of the same and other statues, as well as cutlery and silver ware made a goodly show. So, too, the workers in ornamental iron, the silversmiths, the makers of gas fixtures, hundreds of them, each man carrying a brass rod (they might call themselves the Fraternity of the Golden Rule).

And music was there. We must say a word of that. The 300 men from the piano-forte manufactory of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and the 200 from the manufactory of Messrs. Hallett & Davis, were among the finest looking bodies of men. The former were preceded by an elegant and tasteful pavilion, on which stood the first grand piano made by Jonas Chickering in 1824, and followed by another containing the last grand piano by the brothers Chickering. A beautiful feature of their parade was the respect paid to those who had grown old in the service, who were drawn in elegant barouches. At the head of Hallett & Davis's column moved a pavilion, containing one of those very old ancestors of the piano, a veritable spinet, which has been for years in Worcester, and was labelled, "made 150 years before Franklin's birth," and by its side one of their last splendid grand pianos. Other musical instrument makers we saw none; but there were bands innumerable in full blast, representing and trumpeting the makers of wind instruments, unfortunately all brass.

Of the ceremonies in Court Square, the unveiling of the statue, the eloquent and fit words spoken, we cannot report, for it was only a comparatively small and representative crowd that could find room there. Of the modern Olympic games and competitions of our brave firemen, too, upon the Common, and the happy outpouring of the children of the schools upon the Public Garden, green as an emerald, and flashing with masses of bright-colored flowers, as it was that day, we can but make mention.

The statue itself is a noble work of Art, and does the greatest honor to the sculptor, RICHARD GREENOUGH, as well as to the founders, who have cast it in light golden-colored bronze, and to all who have had part in the design and execution of the whole project. The figure is eight feet in height, and stands upon a beautiful die-stone of the Vermont verde antique marble, which surmounts a chaste granite pedestal. The old Franklin stands there in his plain, quiet, natural posture, the big, wise head inclining forward; nothing theatrical or for effect about it; no particular action; his hat held up under the left arm, the other arm dropped quietly; looking as you might have met him any day in Washington street, or in the streets of Paris, going thoughtfully along. The expression of the face is serene, thoughtful,

benevolent, wise, happy: and with the drooping fulness of the head, the whole man seems as if full of a great future, as if serene and happy in the feeling that the ground has been faithfully cleared and the true seeds planted, and in the anticipation of a glorious harvest for posterity.

In the evening the square was illuminated by ornamental gas-lights covering the front of City Hall, and there were crowds and music; and at midnight the German Glee Club (Orpheus) and Serenade Band, with true German artist feeling, brought the tribute of their music, in the form of a serenade, to the image of this patriarch of their free adopted country.

A WORD FROM THE ANTI-SCHUMANN-ITES.
—The London *Musical World* has the following notice of our recent strictures upon the English criticisms of Schumann, Wagner, and others.

We have inserted in another page an article from *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*, written in a gentlemanly tone, although somewhat dogmatic in spirit. The writer is, we think, mistaken in two ways—mistaken in his admiration of the late Robert Schumann (as a composer), and mistaken in his interpretation of certain views which have from time to time been advanced in these columns, and which have as often been attacked in those of our transatlantic contemporary.

Among other things we are rated with inconsistency for simultaneously objecting to the music of Wagner, Schumann, Brahms and Franz, the styles of those composers bearing (according to Dwight) no resemblance whatever to each other. Now our contemporary must excuse us when we tell him that he has assumed something on his own account, and then combated the assumption. We never said there was any relationship among the styles of his favorite composers. First, we do not admit them to possess what the term *style* is supposed to represent. A want of *style* indeed is among their various deficiencies. Secondly, we object to their music generally and individually because, according to our belief in what constitutes good in art, their music is essentially *bad*. Surely we may denounce several bad things together without being open to the charge of not knowing the difference between one and another. *Lohengrin* is a bad thing. *Paradise and the Peri* is a bad thing, and the sonata of Brahms is a (very) bad thing; but at the same time they have nothing in common but this badness for which they are condemned. Mr. Dwight finds that Wagner and Schumann have nothing in common but their "*Beethoven-like* unwillingness to be mere copyists." May the Muses pardon our contemporary his sacrilegious application of the mightiest name in music! We cannot.

There is one consoling point in all this vain preaching up of what is vicious in art—or rather, of what has really no claim to be denominated *art*—among our cousins, the Yankees. Those critics who are most enthusiastic about Wagner and Schumann are always either sneering at or endeavoring to throw cold water upon the greatest musical genius of his day—the legitimate successor of Beethoven (although no more like Beethoven than Schumann is like Wagner—resembling Beethoven alone in that high instinct which made both disdain to pass off charlatanism for art). We of course allude to Mendelssohn. It is the same in Germany as in America. In Germany, critics who are shallow enough, or mad enough, to be proselytes of Wagner, are furious against Mendelssohn, because Mendelssohn while he lived was a beacon to warn us from the rocks and quicksands that are always at hand for the unwary. The observation of certain "intelligent Germans" of Mr. Dwight's acquaintance that, "given half the ideas found in *Paradise and the Peri* Mendelssohn, by his consummate treatment, would have produced a wonder of the world," is merely intended to convey by innuendo that Mendelssohn had no ideas, or at least not so many as Schumann, which is neither more nor less than preposterous.

nonsense. If Mr. Dwight and his friends are unable to detect the difference between the two men, to know how one was a true and the other a false apostle, the one a great, the other a small musician, we are sorry for Mr. Dwight and his friends. And yet what have we a right to expect from critics who fancy they can see a resemblance between Robert Franz and John Sebastian Bach?

We cannot see that the above requires any answer, farther than to say, we still adhere to all that we have said. We must deny that Schumann, Wagner and Franz have only written music that is *bad*; for Brahms we have made no claim. And as for Franz, we still maintain, that any one who studies his music, even his songs, will find traces of the influence of Bach quite as distinctly as they are found in Mendelssohn; that Franz, even in the English sense, therefore, is *classical* in style.

Musical Review.

(Published by Nathan Richardson.)

The Musical Drama: a collection of Choruses, Quintets, Quartets, Trios and concerted pieces, from standard German, Italian and French Operas, &c. Selected, arranged and translated by J. C. D. PARKER, A. M. (See Advertisement.)

Here is a work which, judging from the first number, now before us, will be of real value to amateur clubs and singing societies. There are many treasures in the way of concerted pieces in the best operas, which have never been drawn forth (at least without alteration or curtailment) for the benefit of American singers. Especially is this true of German operas. No. 1 of the promised nine numbers in this series is devoted purely to German opera. It contains six admirable pieces. The first is that exquisite Chorus of Elves from the opening of Weber's *Oberon* (sung last winter at Mr. Dresel's private concert). Next comes the Quartet from *Fidelio* (sung at our Beethoven Festival.) The other pieces are a chorus from Gluck's *Armide*; a chorus from Mendelssohn's *Die Heimkehr*; the Trio (in masks) from *Don Giovanni*; and a Scene (Trio and Chorus) from *Der Freyschütz*. These alone have more meat in them than is found in all the opera chorus books which have appeared in English. Mr. Parker has done his work faithfully, with a true musician's feeling. In every case he gives the German words, with a good singable translation. In the case of the Don Juan Trio we should have thought it well to give also the usual Italian words: *Proteggia il giusto cielo*, &c. Each piece is arranged with a piano-forte accompaniment.

(From George P. Reed & Co.)

Beauties of Mozart and Beethoven, in form of Petites Fantaisies, for Young Pianists. By TH. OESTEN. Op. 95.—No. 5. Quintet, Op. 16, of BEETHOVEN. Price 25 cents.

A simple piano-forte arrangement of the two quick movements from the Quintet in E flat, originally written for piano, oböe, clarinet, horn and fagotto.—It is clear, bright, buoyant music.

La Traviata, by VERDI. Arranged for piano by ADOLPH BAUMBACH. Part II. 50 cents.

The lover of operatic sweets has here in practicable form, and connected into one, the duet: *Parigi, o cara*; the arias: *O mio remorso*, and *Di Provenza il mar*; and the chorus of gipseys.

Minnehaha Polka: for Piano, by J. W. BLENDIN. 25 cents.

Musical Chat-Chat.

MARETZKE, at the New York Academy, announced the *Travatore* again for the last time on Wednesday; the theatre to be closed thereafter for rehearsals of *L'Etoile du Nord*. . . . Mme. DE WIL-

HORST made her first appearance as a vocalist in a concert at Niblo's on Wednesday, assisted by Signori BRIGNOLI and AMODIO, with accompaniments on the *Orgue Alexandre* and piano-forte by Senor and Senora RANIERI VILANOVA. The pieces sung were wholly Italian operas. . . . The New York Harmonic Society propose giving four or five grand performances this winter, with full orchestra under Carl Bergmann's direction. They rehearse every Monday evening at Dodworth's. Among the compositions to be taken up are Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and Beethoven's "Choral Symphony." . . . The Mendelssohn Union (New York) have commenced rehearsals, under Mr. Morgan's direction, of Costa's oratorio of "Eli."

The new German Opera opened on Tuesday evening with *Robert le Diable* (sung in German.) Niblo's Theatre was crowded; the price of admission being 50 cents, with 50 cents extra for reserved seats. The general opinion seems to have been that Robert was an unlucky selection for any but a first-class troupe, which this is not. The *Tribune* is by no means complimentary in its notice of the principal singers, and "cannot refrain from stating that their vocal efforts were generally crude and immethodical; exhibiting deficient phrasing, inexact bravuraism, and some inexorable shrieking." The *Times* is more considerate; thus:

Of all recent attempts at German Opera—and they have been numerous—this promises to be the most substantial and satisfactory. Although the company can scarcely be considered first-class in any of its departments, and is otherwise unsatisfactory in important respects, it is nevertheless the best that has been offered to an American audience. We have seldom seen Niblo's Theatre more densely crowded, and certainly have never sat in a more critical audience. So uncompromising were auditors in their denunciations, that at one period we had fears for the progress of the opera.

The cast was as follows: Robert, Herr PICKANESER; Bertram, Herr WEINLICH; Rinaldo, Herr BEUTLER; Isabella, Mme. VON BERKELE; Alice, Mlle. PICKER.

Mme. Berkel has an acceptable voice, an interesting appearance and an impressive dramatic method. When she can tread the stage with the confident ease of a favorite, she will display all of these qualities to greater advantage, and especially in lighter operas where the compass of the voice is not overtaxed. In the upper register Mme. Berkel is anything but pure, either in quality or intonation, and it is these gusty sections which she should avoid. The rôle of the Princess is a never-ending one. All great artists improve on it, and contribute another to the traditions which already exist. Mme. Berkel's personation was not remarkable for force or originality, but it was clear and artist-like, and filled with brave little touches of excellence. It was the only effort of the evening that satisfied the audience. Mlle. Pucker (Alice) has a good voice, but it lacks cultivation and method. Like Mme. Berkel's it is harsh and gusty in the upper part. Of the gentlemen, we shall be brief. They were, so far as this opera is concerned, utterly beneath criticism. Whether they will be valuable in other operas remains to be seen. Mr. Weinlich appears to have a fine organ, but he is altogether unable to manage it, and its crudeness and inequality run riot. Herr Pickaneser is not an improvement on the ordinary run of German tenors—a race, which, we sincerely hope, is peculiar to this city.

The orchestra, under Mr. Carl Bergmann, is superb, and compensates for many of the drawbacks we have referred to. It is quite strong, but its sinews are held together by a master-hand. The chorus, although numerically strong, did not shine to great advantage,—the voices are twangy and nasal.

In point of neatness and propriety this version of "Robert the Devil" will bear favorable comparison with any former revival. Some excellent scenery has been prepared, and the costumes are rich and in good taste. These indications are particularly cheerful, and induce us to believe that, in spite of a somewhat disputed success, the new German Opera Troupe will gain in public favor, and make a prosperous voyage after all.

The New Orleans *Picayune* describes the prospects for French Opera this season in that very opera-loving city. It seems that M. Boudousquie, the impresario, has visited Paris and made the following engagements of singers:

Mr. Moulin, first tenor for Grand Opera, succeeding Mr. Duluc.

Mr. Martin, baritone, succeeding Mr. Cramflade.

Mr. Guillot, first basso for Grand Opera, and second basso for Comic Opera, succeeding Mr. Grant.

Mlle. Bourgeois, prima donna, mezzo-soprano, succeeding Mme. Cambier.

Mme. Latouche, *chanteuse légère* (or light singer for Comic and Grand Opera) and *dugazon*.

Mme. Guillot, *dugazon*.

Mr. Lacroix, leading comedian, succeeding Mr. Gustave.

Mr. Deligne, second comedian, succeeding Mr. Chol.

Mme. Berger Lacroix, leading lady, succeeding Mlle. Darmont.

The chorists will also receive an addition to their numbers in seven male and female performers.—M. Boudousquie was at last dates still in search of a prima donna soprano and a first light tenor. With these his opera troupe will be one of the most complete ever had in this country, and as he has hitherto shown a most laudable liberality and enterprise in securing artists of a superior class, no matter at what cost, doubtless the new company will be very desirable additions to our operatic and dramatic circles. We notice among them the name of Mme. Latouche, a younger sister of our favorite Mme. Colson. She is spoken of as a very charming singer. She could not well be otherwise; and as Mme. Colson remains with us, too, next season, it will be quite pleasing to witness the exhibition of the fine talent of these sisters on the same boards. Mr. Delagrave and Mr. Junca, first tenor and first basso, will also resume their respective posts, much to the pleasure of the admirers of artistic singing.

The *Musical World* gives us a list of the artists whom "the felicitous FELICITA VESTVALI takes with her as directress of the opera to Mexico; viz: "Countess Tasea-Tascani, Signorina Landi, Signorina Casali, and Signora Manzini, as *prime donne assolute*. Signora Ziegheoli, as *prima donna e comprimaria*. Signora Gierafola, as *seconda donna*. Signorina Felicita Vestvali, *prima donna contralto*. Signor Steffani and Sig. Bianchi, *primi tenori assoluti*. Sig. Ottaviani and E. Barilli, *baritoni assoluti*. Sigs. Bellini and Solares, *bassi assoluti*. Signor Fattori, *maestro del orchestra*. We understand that these are all good and thoroughbred artists, and some of the very first quality. The repertory of operas to be produced is a very rich one: composed as follows: *Il Trovatore*, *La Favorita*, *Les Vepres Siciliennes*, *Nabuchodonosor*, *Rigoletto*, *Giovana d'Arco*—all by Verdi. *Tancredi*, *Donna del Lago*, *Cenerentola*, *Matilda di Schubran*—by Rossini. *Scaramuzza*, by Ricci. *Louisa Strozzi*, by Martini. *Buondelmode and Saffio*, by Pacini. *Normani in Parigi*, by Mercadante. *Beatrice di Fenda*, by Bellini. *Etoile du Nord*, by Meyerbeer. *Romeo and Juliette*, by Bellini and Vaccai. *Don Rocco*, *Birajo di Presto*, *Polineto e Paulina*, etc., etc. This list includes many operas unknown to the American public, which M. Vestvali has brought with him from Europe. It is said that Mexican audiences are fastidious as to any sameness in operas given. The Government has also something to say and partly sustains the opera."

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